witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd: it could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines. *Poines, Hal,* a plague vpon you both. *Bardoll, Peto,* Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foote further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeardes of vneuen ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle,*
Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my Horſe, you rogues, Giue me my Horſe, and be hangd.

Prince. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal,* helpe mee to my Horſe, Good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne Haire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and a foot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voyce: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe yee; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the Hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.